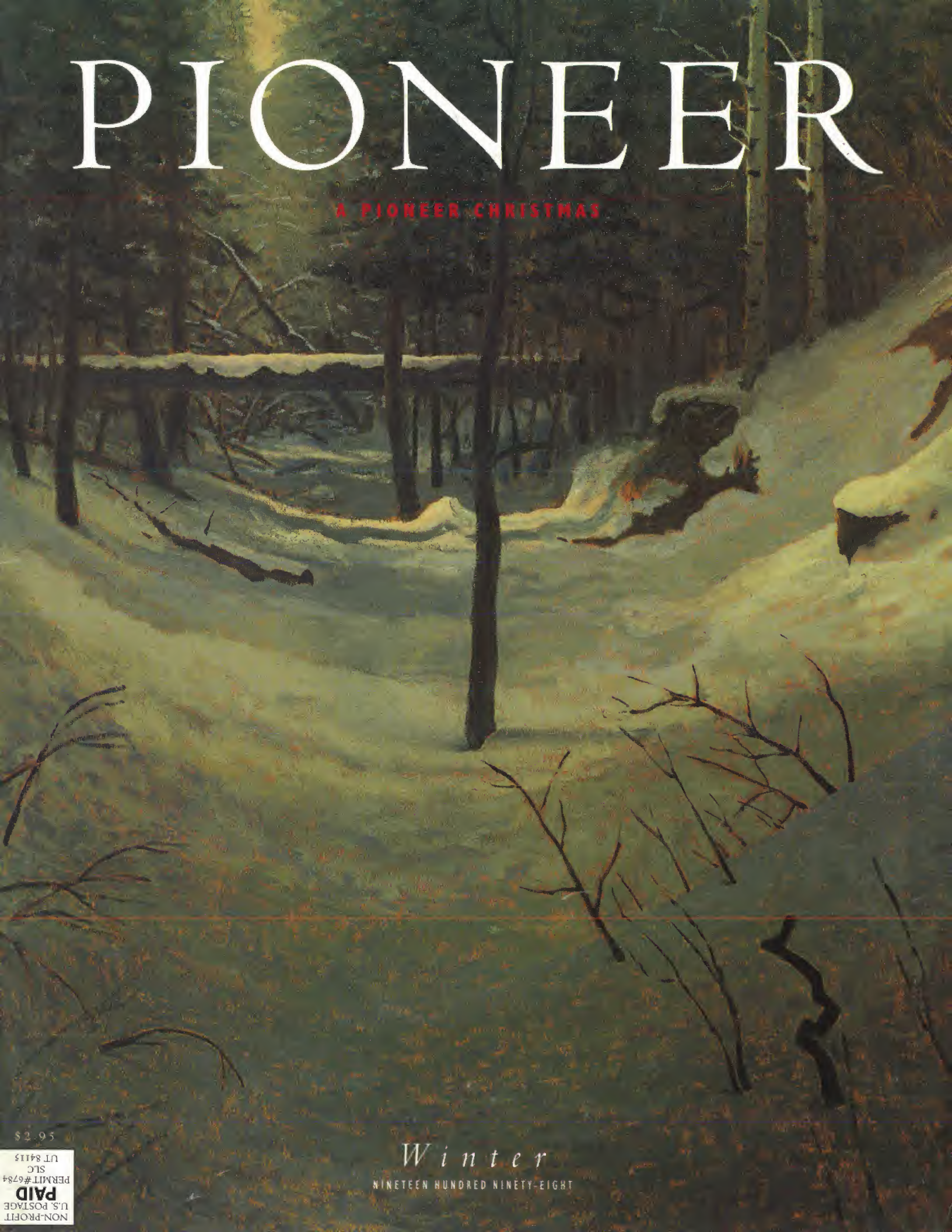


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oil on canvas, 1995
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A Publication of
the National Society of the
Sons of Utah Pioneers

'Tis the Season to Memorialize Utah's Pioneers



by
President
Karlo
Mustonen

In 1981, the Sons of Utah Pioneers launched a noteworthy program called Name Memorialization. The national SUP leadership at the time was inspired to come up with a program that enables members to memorialize the names of pioneers who entered Utah before the coming of the railroad in 1869.

The program is intended to honor these pioneers not only for what they had to endure during the trek to Utah, but also what they accomplished after they settled here in the mountains. Here, in what was then wilderness, they built their homes, established cities and started great industries and commerce. In their communities they established schools and places for fine and performing arts. They truly made this desert area "blossom as a rose."

Lest future generations forget the great accomplishments of their pioneer ancestors, we must be sure the memory of their great legacy is not forgotten. The Memorialization program is designed to keep the names of these great people before us far into the future.

Here is an example of pioneer enterprise: Parley P. Pratt and George A. Smith were sent to southern Utah to establish communities. While they and others explored the area, a hill of iron ore was discovered. The settlers worked together to set up a smelter to produce iron, which up to that time had to be imported at considerable expense.

It is certainly a fact that there is a lot of work to be done to memorialize all of Utah's pioneers. Allow me to present some facts concerning the work that is yet to be done in this area: in 1998, a register of Memorialized names was issued, including 5,897 names. That is about 51 percent of the 11,380 residents listed in Utah's 1850 census. That percentage gets smaller when compared with the 40,273 names listed in the 1860 census, and even smaller when compared with the 86,786 names in the 1870 census. What is even more surprising is this fact: of the 143 men, three women and two children who entered the Salt Lake Valley on July 24, 1847, only 59 names have been Memorialized.

Now that you know how much work is to be done, please help us to revitalize the Name Memorialization program. Chapters should call an enthusiastic Memorialization director who can get us back on track in this area. ▼

PIONEER

*A Publication of the
National Society of the Sons of
Utah Pioneers*

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The National Society
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both young and older, for their faith
in God, devotion to family,
loyalty to church and country,
hard work, service to others,
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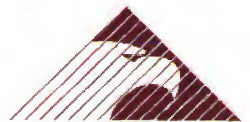


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MOUNTAIN AMERICA
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The Spirit of Christmas



by
President
Mary A. Johnson

As the Christmas season creeps up on us, I find myself remembering those Christmases of my childhood.

Oh, the hours that were spent looking through the Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogues, choosing the things I wanted to find under my Christmas tree. Of course, the things I picked were not usually under the tree, but half of the fun was in picking them out—and wishing. No one could have afforded all the gifts I put my tag on, especially the parents of a family of nine children.

How I would gaze at the beautiful dolls hung from pegs on the walls of our grocery/department store. Each time I looked I would find a different doll that I wanted Santa to bring to me. The fact that Santa never brought me a doll didn't matter too much—but I did wonder what it took to get on his list of “good” little boys and girls.

But the year I found a toy cupboard, filled with china dishes, I knew I had made it on his list. My father must have spent hours making my cupboard and my sister's cradle, but they were truly appreciated that year. You see, we had just buried my three-week-old brother, who had died of pneumonia, and most of the rest of the family were ill. There wasn't much excitement in our household, but on Christmas morning the Spirit was strong and the love was there as it always was as we tried to focus on the true meaning of Christmas.

I can still feel the heat from the logs in the fireplace as we gathered as a family, cracking nuts and throwing the shells into the fire. I can almost smell the wonderful scent from the pinion pine tree that was always brought fresh from the hills. Sometimes there were still pine nuts in shells on the tree. When my father paid the grocery bill at the store at the end of each month he would bring a bag of candy to share with us. At Christmas time he always brought some extra candy, along with a bag of old-fashioned chocolate drops. I can still taste them. On Christmas morning we could hardly wait to go to our friends' homes to see what Santa brought them.

Such were the days of yesterday. Not the pioneer days, but not the days of celebration we see today, either.

Each generation has its own way of celebrating Christmas. Each family has its own Christmas traditions. Each culture that observes the holiday celebrates in a special way. Because our family has lived in many places, our traditions are a combination of things we have adopted from various locations and people. I'm sure we spend too much time thinking about decorations, food and gifts, yet if done in the right spirit, it all adds up to a wonderful feeling of sharing and togetherness.



And now, when the season comes, how do I feel? I feel connected. I feel warm. I feel loved. The Christmas music, which has been such a big part of my life, still brings tears. The Christmas stories still bring a spirit of reverence. The wrapping of gifts brings excitement. The cantatas, the oratorios, the programs, the family home evenings—oh, the family home evenings—these bring the spirit of Christmas to me.

May the peace that comes from Christ be with you during this season and always. Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year! ▼

Credit Unions are under ATTACK

You may have heard that credit unions in Utah recently lost a five-year court battle with the Utah Banker's Association (UBA). The UBA sued credit unions over their right to serve members in more than one county. This court decision could affect Utahns' freedom to choose a credit union as their financial-service provider.

Your credit union, along with other credit unions in our state, believes that the law must be

changed to reflect the Department of Financial Institution's intent—that credit unions should have the ability to serve members outside of one county.

Call or write to your state legislators. Tell them you support your credit union, and ask them to support the Utah Credit Union Access Act to fix the law and allow citizens in our great state the freedom to choose.

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CHRISTMAS at Winter Quarters

Celebrating
With Hope For a Better
Christmas Day

by
David R. Crockett

The observance of Christmas at Winter Quarters in 1846 started out with a bang, as John Scott, captain of the artillery, fired the Winter Quarters cannon three times at sunrise to recognize this special day in the Camp of Israel.¹

How did Utah's pioneers spend their first Christmas in the wilderness, after being driven from Nauvoo? We might dream up visions of quaint log cabins decked out in green and red holiday decorations, with festive parties held inside, as snow flakes fell silently on the roofs. However, this picture isn't quite accurate. These faithful pioneers, numbering nearly 3,500, like thousands of other Latter-day Saints scattered over Iowa, were struggling to prepare for the cold winter months ahead while they planned their historic expedition over the mountains in the spring. There was important work to attend to on this day. The labor couldn't be stopped for celebration, no matter how sacred. Additional houses needed to be built in this growing city near the Missouri River. More provisions needed to be obtained for the months ahead.

Christmas Day at Winter Quarters in 1846 was a working day. It was also a day for joy, a day to count many blessings despite numerous trials. Harriet Young, wife of Lorenzo Dow Young, recorded: "This morning we were saluted from every quarter with 'Happy Christmas' or 'Christmas Gift.' We staid at home, retired from the busy crowd."²

The weather was beautiful, sunny, and relatively warm. Hosea Stout, head of the city police guard, patrolled the streets, looking after the safety of the Saints. He wrote that "a man can be comfortable without his coat while walking the streets."³ The sun's rays thawed the hard ground that had frozen overnight. Smoke puffed out of the sod or brick chimneys of the dozens of newly constructed homes, situated on orderly city blocks. Many more homes were in various stages of construction. Logs, straw, stone and brick were scattered about, showing signs of active labor. More than 800 wagons were parked throughout the city, many serving as homes while cabins were being raised.

The frozen Missouri river reflected the bright Christmas sunshine as the pioneers went to work at their various day's activities. Among the daily tasks were fetching water from wells and streams, chopping wood, building houses, patiently caring for the more than 300 sick in the city, watching the children, and feeding the animals. Mary Richards spent her Christmas morning gathering together a large load of clothes. She went to her sister-in-law's house "to spend Christmas over the wash tub." Mary and Jane Richards washed all day, enjoying their company, and certainly they spoke longingly of their husbands (Samuel W. Richards and Franklin D. Richards) who were away from home on this Christmas Day, serving the Lord on missions in England.⁴

Church leaders, including President Brigham Young, attended to important business in council

meetings during the afternoon and into the evening. There was an incredible amount of planning and organization that still needed attention before they would be ready for the continued massive exodus of the LDS pioneers to their future mountain home in the Rocky Mountains.

Christmas Day was also a time for the pioneers to reverently reflect on the Savior's birth. They reminisced about the difficult journey of the past year that brought them to settle at this location on the west bank of the Missouri River. They cast their thoughts toward loved ones who were away: in the Mormon Battalion, on missions, on trading expeditions, and dear family and friends who during the year had departed from this life.

There were more than 50 sisters in Winter Quarters who had husbands away in the Mormon Battalion. They longed to be with them, wondered where they were, and prayed that they were safe and well. Their husbands were far away, marching in the desert of Arizona, where they made their camp near present-day Mobile, southwest of Phoenix. These weary men were at the same time thinking about their families on the banks of the Missouri River. Private Guy Keysor sadly wrote: "I wish I could call this a Merry Christmas; I confess it is as melancholy one as I have ever experienced, not a green bush to attract the eye—not a sleigh bell to please the ear—not one to greet us with 'I wish you a Merry Christmas.' But all around us is a sandy, thirsty shrubbery—But either from above greets us with the beauties of a serene atmosphere gently warmed by the sun which invites us on to better days to come."⁵ Sergeant William Hyde recorded, "This is a rather strange Christmas to me. My life with my family in days gone by was called to mind and contrasted with my present situation on the sandy deserts through which pass the Gila and Colorado Rivers. Suffering much at times for the want of water, but still pressing forward with parched lips, scalded shoulders, weary limbs, blistered feet, worn out shoes and ragged clothes; but with me the prospect of the result of my present toils, cheers me on."⁶

Sister Mary Northrop grieved over the death of her husband, Amos, on this Christmas Day in Winter Quarters. How would she care for her infant daughter, Eugenia, without him in this harsh wilderness? There were more than 75 other widows struggling to care for their families. Mary Northrop and these other dear sisters would be looked after by their family, friends, and certainly by their bishops, who had been given a special calling and charge to look after the widows and the fatherless.

After the labors of the day were complete, time was spent in small, quiet gatherings of family and friends. A small party was held at the home of Elder Heber C. Kimball. His daughter, Helen Mar Whitney, wrote that it "was very enjoyable and passed off in fine style."⁷ A gathering was also held at Edwin Wooley's

Mary Richards
spent her
Christmas morn-
ing gathering
together a large
load of clothes.
She went to her
sister-in-law's
house "to spend
Christmas over
the wash tub."



DETAIL: *Winter Quarters, 1846-1847*. Courtesy Museum of Church History and Art, Jeanette Holmes Collection.

home that was attended by many sisters, including Eliza R. Snow, Patty Sessions, Phoebe Chase, Hannah Markham and Hannah Gheen.⁸ Surely they discussed the Christmas Days of years gone by, including the previous year in their beloved City of Joseph, Nauvoo the Beautiful. One year earlier, they also did not have time for lengthy celebrations. That day was spent performing urgent and sacred temple work, as more than 100 Saints received temple ordinances in the beautiful temple that they had to leave behind.

These subdued, reflective gatherings were in stark contrast with celebrations in settlements to the south, in Missouri. On Christmas Eve, John D. Lee spent the night in Lindon, Mo., as he traveled to purchase provisions for Winter Quarters. He observed that there was much shooting around the town, which was the custom for Christmas Eve at that time. At 10 p.m., a drunken rabble assembled in front of the house where Brother Lee was lodged. With no thoughts on the sacred purpose for that celebration, they sang, danced, and yelled like wild men. Brother Lee commented that it "served in a measure to show the folly and depravity of this Gentile world." In contrast, Brother Lee and his companions avoided these loud celebrations, and instead they "commended [themselves] to [their] Heavenly Father and retired to rest."⁹

As the night became late, the Saints quietly returned to their homes, wagons and tents, put their

children to bed and retired to rest for the important work of the coming day. The day that had started literally with a "bang" ended in quiet, thoughtful reflection. They knew that their Savior had been born, lived, and died for them. They rejoiced despite their afflictions, that they were blessed to receive the restored gospel in their lives. They retired with the hope of a better day, when they could celebrate future Christmas Days under permanent roofs, in a land far to the west. The faith and sacrifices experienced on that Christmas Day long ago, reaped blessing and rewards for generations to come. ▼

David R. Crockett is a direct descendent of 42 Utah pioneers. He is the author of four books and is co-founder of LDS-Gems on the internet.

1 Manuscript History of Brigham Young, p. 483, and Wilford Woodruff's Journal, 3:104. 2 Diary of Lorenzo Dow Young, *Utah Historical Quarterly*, 14:153. 3 Juanita Brooks, ed., *On the Mormon Frontier: The Diary of Hosea Stout*, 1:221. 4 "Mary Richards Journal" in Maurine Carr Ward, ed., *Winter Quarters: The 1846-1848 Life Writings of Mary Haskin Parker Richards*, p. 103. 5 Guy Messiah Keyser Journal, Utah State Historical Society. 6 Private Journal of William Hyde, typescript, Brigham Young University Archives. 7 *Women's Exponent*. 8 Maureen U. Beecher, ed., *The Personal Writings of Eliza Roxcy Snow*, 151, 284. 9 Charles Kelly, ed., *Journals of John D. Lee, 1846-1847 and 1859*, p. 44-45.

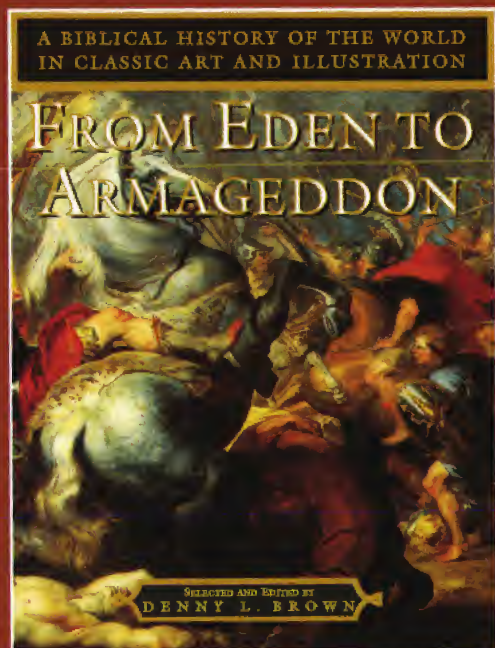
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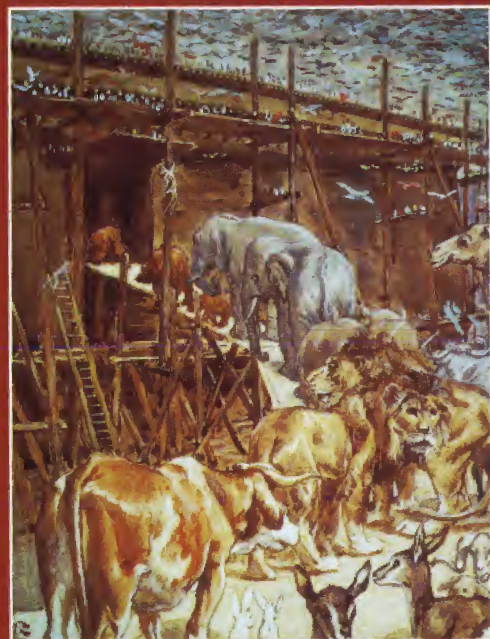
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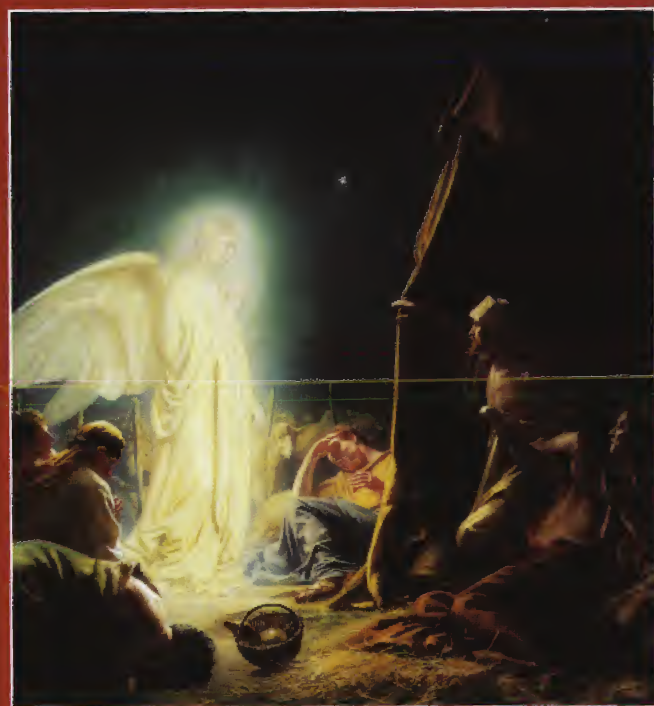
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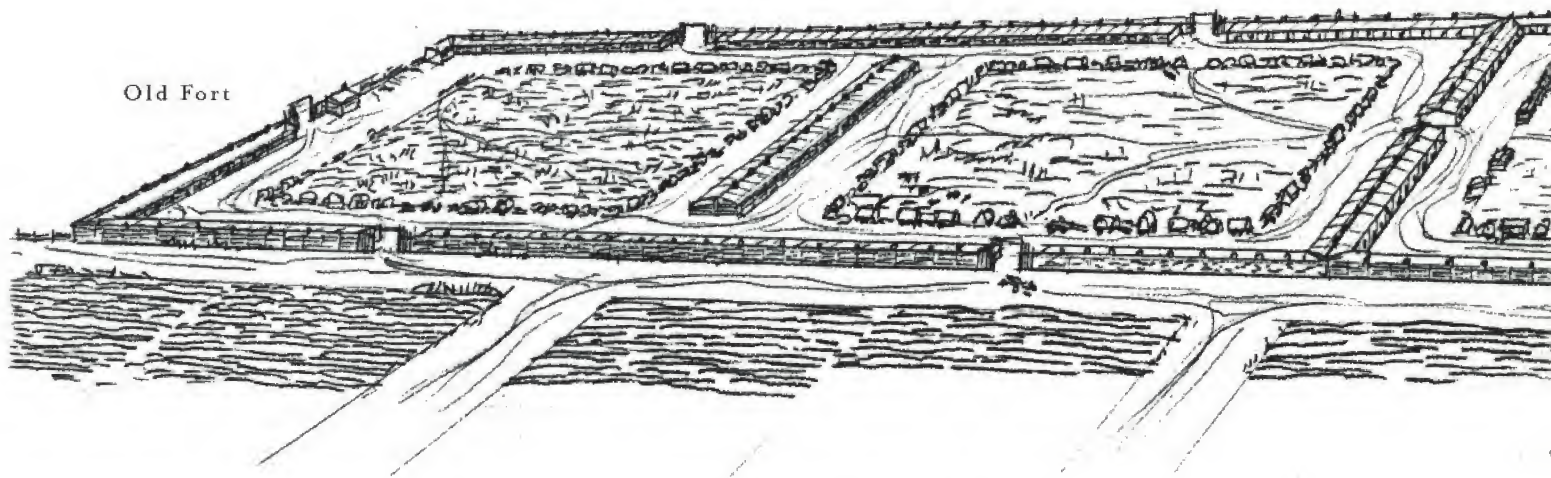
A PIONEER CHRISTMAS

'We as a Community Have Great Reason to Rejoice'

by Kellene Ricks Adams

John Fairbanks
18

WINTER 13



Utah's pioneers knew much about the spirit of Christmas. For most of them, it was inseparably connected to their spiritual nature, which had been honed and refined through persecution and trial. It was a spirit that buoyed them all year long, and contributed to the hopeful, positive, upbeat vision they had of life. Looking on the bright side was a way of life for the pioneers, and the holidays only reinforced their dogged determination to enjoy life and all that it offered.

Throughout the pioneer era, the holidays offered so much. The pioneers were a diverse group, coming from several different countries, and they brought their Christmas traditions with them. Plum pudding, mistletoe and yule logs came west with the English, the French held midnight Christmas services, and the Italians contributed the "Presepio," or a model of Bethlehem.¹ The realities of their new lives, laden at times with scarcity and harshness, required that they also create new traditions to be interwoven with the old. Music, food, gratitude and faith became the foundation upon which they built a pioneer Christmas.

Although time and resources were meager in the Salt Lake Valley in 1847, Utah's earliest pioneers had a humble Christmas celebration in the Old Fort in which they lived. The morning of Dec. 25, 1847, dawned clear and sunny. For the adults, there were preparations for the usual chores: milking the cows, building up the fires in the fireplaces and cooking breakfast, which would probably consist of fried salt pork and corn meal. For the children there were the last few precious moments of sleep, snuggling under piles of quilts, waiting for the fires to warm the drafty cabins.

Then suddenly, the entire encampment was startled by a thunderous "BOOM!" from the old cannon in the middle of the fort. Children scrambled out of their beds to peer out windows and doors, anxious and excited to see the cause of this unusual occurrence. Men and women looked up from their morning tasks long enough to smile an acknowledgment

of the cannon's unspoken proclamation. Throughout the rest of the day, parents and children, neighbors and friends greeted each other with warm smiles, handshakes and the jovial words to the cannon's roared message: "Merry Christmas!"²

And that, for the most part, was that, as far as the first Christmas in the valley is concerned. It was Saturday, the weather was good and there was work to be done. According to Emmeline B. Wells, there was no departure from the daily routine except for the wishing of Christmas greetings to each other. "This was the extent of their celebrating the day," Sister Wells recorded. "The people were living on rations, and would not dare indulge in any extra cooking."³

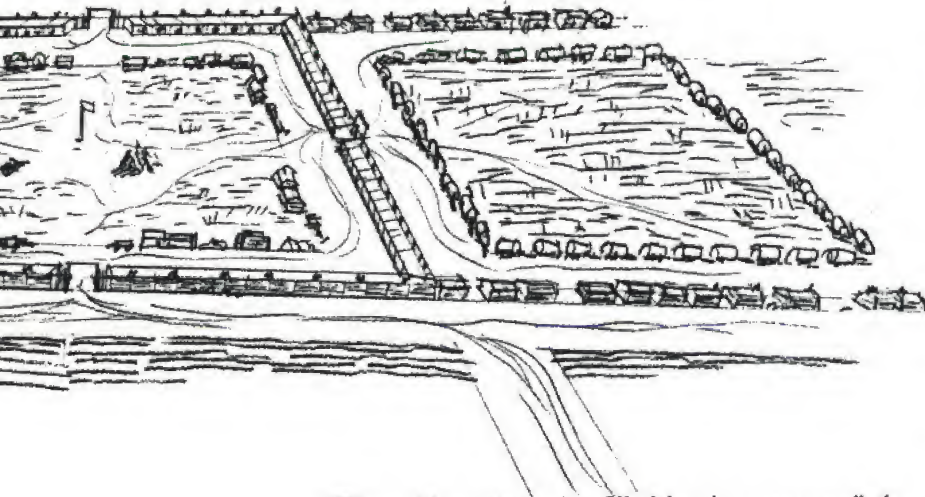
But their hard work and sacrifice paid off, and subsequent Christmases were celebrated more festively. In 1848, only the second Christmas in the Salt Lake Valley, Heber C. Kimball and his wife, Vilate, invited a few of the early LDS Church leaders to dinner. Guests included Brigham Young and some of his family, Willard Richards and others of the apostles.

"The conversation was cheerful," Sister Wells again recorded, "and as Sister Vilate Kimball was the hostess, it must have been a very pleasant affair; as for myself, I was too much occupied with my baby to take much notice of the amusements except that I know Hans played the violin, and Brother Smithies the big bass, and Horace K. Whitney the flute, and of course there was singing . . . But I don't believe we had presents for the children. I don't know what we could have given them, they were not days of plenty and we had scarcely become accustomed to our new surroundings."⁴

The next year Thomas Bullock recorded in his diary: "Christmas Eve was all alive by the people in all directions firing guns, pistols, revolvers and the cannon fired several times. A dance at Martin H. Peck's, and the band played at Aaron Farr's house."⁵

That same year, 1849, Brigham Young invited some 150 people to his home for a holiday gathering.

"Christmas Eve was all alive by the people in all directions firing guns, pistols, revolvers and the cannon fired several times."



"The tables were twice filled by the company," the Journal History of the Church records, "and all were feasted with the good things of the Valley. When the tables were removed, dancing commenced, which was continued with energy and without interruption, except for supper, till a late hour."⁶

In 1856, a large number of returned missionaries were invited to Brigham Young's new residence, the Lion House. "President Young gave a fatherly welcome and counseled his guests to enjoy themselves in singing, conversation, praying and preaching... Brigham Young remembered, as he often does, that in inviting guests to a party, the only limitations to numbers, in his feelings, was the extent of room for

their accommodation, hence had he suitable rooms, he would never wish to stop until he had invited every Latter-day Saint in all the world."⁷

Music was always an integral part of the season. After all, these were a people who had worshipped, mourned and rejoiced through song as they built cities, buried loved ones and labored across the plains. Song sprang from their souls and lips almost as naturally as words. A few precious musical instruments, carefully carted across the plains in handcars and wagons, added to the holiday festivities. Musical talent was greatly appreciated in the budding communities, and the holidays provided an opportunity to display those talents.

"Early on Christmas morning, Thursday, December 25 [1851], several companies of serenaders, with brass instruments, made the sleeping mountains echo with the sound of rejoicing," wrote Elder George D. Watt. "Our attention was drawn more particularly to the Governor's mansion, in the front of which was drawn up in military order a troop of horsemen. This was the brass band, giving his Excellency a good wish in sweet strains."⁸

The band made another appearance the next year, "playing before the houses of the First Presidency and the members of the Council of the Twelve."⁹

Special events were often planned for Christmas Day. The Social Hall was built in 1852, and became the frequent site of Christmas festivities. The first

Stories also
abound of good
will to men—
those with little
reaching out
to those with
nothing.



Christmas at the Social hall. Courtesy International Daughters of Utah Pioneers.

year rivaled all others as the best. "Our girls and boys will never forget the first Christmas tree where there was a present for every child of several large families, and all numbered and arranged in perfect order of name and age. President Young—Brother Brigham—was foremost in making the affair a grand success... After the Santa Claus tree was stripped of its gifts, the floor was cleared and the dancing commenced, and there was good music, too, and President Young led the dance, and 'cut a pigeon wing,' to the great delight of the little folks."¹⁰

The diet of Utah's settlers was simple, restricted largely to what they could grow or hunt themselves. But loving mothers outdid themselves in creating holiday treats using whatever was available. Cornelia S. Lund remembers "ice cream made with snow and milk to which was added sugar and flavoring. It was instant ice cream and had to be eaten immediately."¹¹

Puddings were the popular everyday dessert in most pioneer homes, and the winter holidays were never complete with the old-fashioned plum pudding.¹²

Of course, in some areas there was not always ample food. But small bands of pioneers establishing infant communities made a concerted effort to make the holidays as festive as possible. "Such a spirit was manifest by the first settlers in Rockport Ward in Summit Stake. The few families who moved to that region had taken but few cattle with them that season. At Christmas time they prepared a cooperative or community dinner. In the church record we read that the 'men jointly purchased a piece of beef for which they agreed to pay in grain after the following harvest.'"¹³

Stories also abound of good will to men—those with little reaching out to those with nothing. Patience Loader Rosza recalls a December 1856 memory: "It was supper time and we were hungry and without food, when a good brother came to our campfire. He asked if mother had no husband and she told him her husband died two months ago and was buried on the Plains. The brother had been standing with his hands behind him. He then handed us a nice piece of beef bone and said, 'Here is a bone to make some soup, and don't quarrel over it.' Mother said, 'Oh brother, we never quarrel over short rations, but we are very thankful to you for giving us this meat as we do not have any and have not expected any.'"¹⁴

As the circumstances of the pioneers continued to improve, so did their Christmas diet. Roast goose and venison sometimes graced holiday tables, with plenty of potatoes, carrots and corn. Corn cake, biscuits and warm bread were smothered in an assortment of jellies and jams. Flavors of pies and cakes were only limited by, once again, the creativity of the cook.

Few people had money for gifts; in fact, store-

bought gifts would gain popularity only slowly over the years. Again, creativity reigned as homemade gifts found their way under the Christmas tree. A favorite surprise for girls was a rag doll, often made by a mother or older sister during stolen midnight moments. Some dolls had embroidered or charcoal-drawn faces; others had no faces at all. But these dolls were well-loved and comforted many a pioneer girl on a cold winter night. Of course, the boys went to bed without their willow-branch stick horses or hand-carved spinning tops, but these gifts were no less loved. Clothes, coats and mittens were practical gifts, but much appreciated.

Stockings, faithfully hung in the chimney corner, were also filled with homemade fare, including "molasses candy, cut in all kinds of fanciful shapes, and pulled until quite light and brittle and gingerbread cut into fantastic figures, as well as doughnuts cut and fried beautifully brown."¹⁵

As a child, Sarah Bell Harris remembered that the big question always was: what would Santa bring? "We knew by past experience that he did not always get around to all the boys and girls. But nearly always he left a few raisins, a few pieces of candy and sometimes a glass or mug or an old doll made new with a new dress. Often he left a pair of warm mittens or a new pair of knitted stockings."¹⁶

Despite all the dancing, singing and eating, the real reason behind Christmas—the celebration of the birth of Jesus Christ—was not overlooked by this group of Christian men, women and children. After all, they had trudged hundreds of miles and sacrificed much, if not all, of what they had to worship Christ freely. Worship services were faithfully attended, and uppermost in the minds of the pioneers was gratitude.

An editorial in the *Frontier Guardian* in December 1849 noted: "We as a community have great reason to rejoice, and be thankful to Him whose Providential care has been over us by day and by night, and whose tender mercies have been extended to us in this time of distress and affliction. We now have the means within ourselves to pass the winter comfortably, and it is hoped that spring may open upon us with all the fair prospects which surrounding circumstances now seem to indicate... Cast off disagreeable recollections as much as your nature will possibly allow, and your bosom will not be tormented with them. Let the present year retire from your forgiving hearts, and may the dawn of the next year break upon your innocent and guileless spirits with a radiance and a joy that shall influence your course of life during the coming year."¹⁷

On Christmas Day of 1851, President Young addressed a gathering with these words: "Five years ago we were menaced on every side by the cruel persecutions of our inveterate enemies; hundreds of fam-

A favorite
surprise for girls
was a rag doll,
often made by a
mother or older
sister during
stolen midnight
moments.

ilies who had been forced from their homes, and compelled to leave behind them their all, were wandering as exiles in a state of abject destitution: but, by the favor of heaven, we have been enabled to surmount all these difficulties, and can assemble here today in the chamber of these mountains, where there is none to make us afraid, far from our persecutors, far from the turmoil and conflicts of the old world.

"Brethren and sisters, has not the Lord poured out his blessing upon you to surpass all former times? Is there room for one complaint or murmur by this people? No! You are full with the blessings of God."¹⁸

And in 1865, with the pall of civil war still hanging heavily over the nation, including pioneer Utah, the *Deseret News* noted: "The political sky of the world is anything but clear. Heavy and portentous clouds are hanging over the nations; and the present season of holiday-making is laden with muttered sounds that seem to indicate approaching strife . . .

"And while we wish, in the customary language of the season, a merry Christmas and a happy new year to all, the signs of the times do not augur peace to the world of mankind.

"Yet the nations and their inhabitants are in the hands of God, who will order all things according to His good pleasure; and individually we feel that as a people and community we have much reason to be grateful to Him for the peace, happiness and prosperity, continuing and increasing, which exists within our Territorial bounds."¹⁹

No article was written, no address was given, no party was held during the holidays (or, for that matter, at any other time of the year) but that gratitude was expressed to God. The pioneer spirit of thanksgiving and optimism was only enhanced during the holidays. ▼

Kellene Rick's Adams is a freelance writer living in Salt Lake City.

¹ *An Enduring Legacy*, Vol. 9, Salt Lake City: Daughters of Utah Pioneers, 1986, p. 142. ² Arnold Irvine, "Cannon Boom Ushers in Christmas," *The Church News*, 25 December 1965, p. 20. ³ Emmeline B. Wells, *Young Woman's Journal*, 12 January 1901. ⁴ *Ibid.* ⁵ *Christmas—A Joyful Heritage*, compiled by Susan Arrington Madsen, (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1984), p. 28. ⁶ *Journal History of the Church*, Dec. 25, 1949, p. 1. ⁷ Albert L. Zobell, "...it being Christmas," *Improvement Era*, December 1949, p. 826. ⁸ *Journal History of the Church*, December 25, 1851. ⁹ *Journal History of the Church*, December 25, 1852. ¹⁰ *Christmas—A Joyful Heritage*, p. 33. ¹¹ *Heart Throbs of the West*, Vol. 11, (Salt Lake City: Daughters of Utah Pioneers, 1950), p. 337. ¹² *Ibid.*, p. 360. ¹³ E. Cecil McGavin, "How the Pioneers Celebrated Christmas," *Improvement Era*, December 1941, p. 743. ¹⁴ Autobiography of Patience Loader Rosza Archer, unpublished transcript, Brigham Young University. ¹⁵ *Young Women's Journal*, 12 (1901): 539-52. ¹⁶ *Treasures of Pioneer History*, Vol. 1, (Salt Lake City: Daughters of Utah Pioneers), p. 103. ¹⁷ *Journal History of the Church*, Dec. 26, 1849. ¹⁸ *Ibid.*, Dec. 25, 1851. ¹⁹ *Ibid.*, Dec. 24, 1865.



A Candlelight Christmas at Old Deseret Village

Would you like to experience the quiet magic of a pioneer Christmas? You can do it this Christmas at This is the Place Heritage Park.

The homes and cabins at the Park are bright with crackling, hearth-warming fires, and the air is filled with the enticing aroma of home-cooked holiday treats. The villagers are busy putting the finishing touches on special gifts and simple toys for the little ones, inviting visitors to join them in making traditional decorations, including paper chains and popcorn strings.

Throughout Old Deseret Village you will find many signs of the season. Traditional Christmas carols waft through the chilly winter air from the organ in the Pine Valley Chapel. Travellers at the Inn headquartered at the Milo and Lucy Loomis Andrus Home exchange Christmas stories, and passing settlers warm themselves at the outdoor fires. The press at the Deseret News Building is busy printing Christmas greetings, and the blacksmith is in his shop making gifts of household utensils or perhaps new runners for a child's sled. And the Godbe-Pitts & Company store is filled with old-fashioned pioneer treasures, from soap (home-made, of course) to nuts.

As you walk through the Village, you may meet carolers or a visiting peddler, and perhaps even Father Christmas himself. Savor a peaceful horse-drawn ride through the starlit fields, and tour the Brigham Young Forest Farmhouse, decorated for a large gathering of family and friends. Attend a theatrical production in the Social Hall, where Charles Dickens (as portrayed by Michael Bennett) will perform his popular tale, "A Christmas Carol." Or enjoy a hot, delicious meal at the Huntsman Hotel.

"The villagers and staff of This is the Place Heritage Park join me in wishing Pioneer readers a very happy Christmas," said Carol Nixon, This is the Place Heritage Park director. "We invite you to join us in celebrating Christmas the pioneer way."

Candlelight Christmas is observed at Old Deseret Village in This is the Place Heritage Park (2601 Sunnyside Ave. in Salt Lake City) Dec. 7-12 and 14-19 from 6-9 p.m. Entrance Fees are \$8 for adults and \$6 for children or seniors. For more information call (801) 584-8325. Group rates are \$6 per person.

"Is there
room for one
complaint or
murmur by this
people? No!
You are full with
the blessings
of God."



Christmas in

Eric D

FEER



the Avenues.
owdle

The Life and Service of Judge Elias Smith

by Phoenix Roberts

IN THE ANNALS OF UTAH HISTORY, the name Elias Smith is almost unknown. But a close look at the historical record reveals that few pioneer men or women ever matched, in variety or longevity, his contributions to the church he embraced and the territory he help found. In his 1886 "History of Salt Lake City," Edward Tullidge wrote:

"Judge Smith has eminently filled the most important judicial sphere in Utah, the probate courts being, until the McKean period, practically the Courts of Justice for the people. Indeed, he is known in all acts of his life, and in his essential character and quality of mind, to be conscientious in the highest degree."

Elias was a cousin to LDS Church founder Joseph Smith. He was born on 6 September 1804, in Royalton, Windsor County, Vermont, not far from Sharon, where the Prophet was born the following winter. His father was Asael Smith Jr., fourth child and third son of Asael Smith Sr., who traced his genealogical line back to English immigrants of 1665, and Elizabeth (Betsy) Schellenger, who descended from early settlers of Nieu Amsterdam (now New York City).

In 1809, Asael Jr. moved his family to Stockholm, N. Y., which was the heart of what was then the American frontier. Formal schooling was hard to come by, but all the Smith children were literate and learned the trades necessary for building a community. Elias even qualified to teach school and dabbled in politics, holding several municipal offices in his twenties.

Asael and Mary Smith and most of their children lived near Palmyra, so, naturally, the young prophet wanted to share the "glad tidings" with his extended family. Elias' uncle, Joseph Sr., and his cousin, Don Carlos, brought them the message in the summer of 1830. The meeting was happy, except that one uncle, Jesse, became so rude whenever religion appeared in conversation, he silenced any mention of it in his presence. Another uncle, John, wanted very much to hear the message and it was Elias' father, Asael Jr., who arranged for them to speak privately of Joseph Jr.'s experience. Though Asael Sr. accepted the gospel, he died in October, before he could be baptized.

Elias' journal records only that he was baptized on 27 August 1835, by his cousin, Hyrum, and ordained an elder the following day. Since his baptism took place

five years after his family's introduction to the gospel, we surmise that Elias thought long before committing himself, and was not simply carried away by enthusiasm for his cousin's work.

During the next few years, Elias' history parallels that of the church he espoused, with moves to Kirtland, Ohio; Far West, Mo.; Nashville, Iowa; and Nauvoo, Ill., where John Taylor asked him to manage two church periodicals *Times & Seasons* and the *Nauvoo Neighbor*. It was while he was working on the *Nauvoo Neighbor* that he met Lucy Brown, an LDS convert from England whom he married in 1845.

With the martyrdom of Joseph Smith and intensified mob violence against the Mormon community in Nauvoo, Elias prepared to move his family to the Rocky Mountains. Despite hardship and tragedy—including the death of his parents—the family finally left with the 4th Company of the Perpetual Emigration Fund, arriving in Salt Lake City on 28 September 1851.

Almost immediately, Brigham Young, as Governor of Utah Territory, appointed Elias the chief justice of Great Salt Lake County. He sat on that bench until 12 March 1852, when the territorial legislature commissioned him probate judge of Salt Lake County. That same year, Elias, Albert Carrington and William Picket were chosen as the territorial code commission. Few pioneers had any legal training, so the code commission was formed to draft statutes that would serve the unique character of the new community. Tullidge later wrote, "whatever may be the criticism of the lawyers of to-day upon their work, undoubtedly these men acted with strict fidelity, and the most conscientious intention." This appointment also marked a milestone: Elias had held public office on the municipal, county, territorial and federal levels, perhaps the first Mormon to do so.

As in New York 40 years earlier, building a community from nothing demanded hard work, creativity, dedication, and a certain amount of flexibility. In fact, it was common for an early settler in the Salt Lake Valley to have several jobs. For example, Brigham Young was president of the church, territorial governor and oversaw all church-owned enterprises while operating several family farms and mills. In addition to being President Young's first counselor, Willard





Richards was church historian & recorder, managed the church printing office, was postmaster of Salt Lake City and publisher of the *Deseret News*.

Elias, meanwhile, herded cattle across the plains, and when not in court, could be seen wandering about the city gathering strays and herding them back across the Jordan River to pasture. President Richards first hired him to deliver the *News*, and then to fill in for an ill postal employee. He stayed with both occupations, and when President Richards died in March 1854, Elias succeeded him as *News* publisher and Salt Lake City postmaster.

A postal appointment seems to have been a charm for Elias. During the summer of 1855, Amy Jane King worked in the Smith home, assisting Lucy with their growing family. She returned to her father's home in November to announce her engagement. Thomas and Rebecca King may have balked at 19-year-old Amy Jane becoming the second wife of 51-year-old Elias, but they'd known Elias and Lucy in Iowa, and he was one of the most important and respected men in the territory. They consented. She would eventually bear him twelve children.

When Alfred Cummings arrived in Salt Lake City in June 1858 as the new federally appointed territorial governor, he immediately demanded that the post office (and every other government function) be turned over to him. On 12 June, Elias locked up his office and gave the keys to Brigham Young, who turned them over to Cummings.

"In so doing, I close my service... for a government I once considered the best on earth, but which for the last twenty years has been approaching the state of things that has in all ages has been the precursor of the downfall of nations... it will pass to the list of nations that have once been powerful and ceased to be because of corruption and wickedness..."

Elias continued dividing his time between journalism and justice for five years more, during which time he suffered what may be his single professional failure. In 1862, another statehood drive brought Elias to the committee that drafted a constitution for the proposed state of Utah. The Utah pioneers wanted the protection afforded by self-government, but the polygamy issue (not to mention Congress' pre-occupation with the Civil War) doomed their efforts from the start. Elias' responsibilities at the *Deseret News* and probate court limited his involvement in the committee, leading some to believe he'd overextended himself. On bad advice from others, Brigham Young had Elias turn the *Deseret News* leadership over to Albert Carrington in 1863.

Elias was now nearly 60 years old, and his journal settles into a quieter routine of visits with friends and family, working his garden and orchard, serving the church and sitting on the bench. For the last 20 years of his professional life, his sole occupation was the probate bench, where even his enemies had to compliment him in the midst of attacking him. In 1874, the

Poland Act reduced the power of Utah' probate courts. This led to a bitter struggle between the federal court and Judge Smith's county court. The *New York Herald* published reports of the struggle, blaming Judge Smith personally for the entire fiasco. However, they had to admit:

"He is a very quiet man and gentle in his manners, but he is brave as a lion and stubborn as a mule... Up to a very recent date, the Probate Courts in Utah held co-ordinate powers with the United States District Courts both in civil and criminal cases... [Judge Smith] was very courteous to the bar and when there was litigation between a Mormon and a Gentile, the latter was sure to get full benefit of doubt from both judge and jury."

This praise did not mean he was popular with eastern appointees, nor did it prevent his receiving a share of harassment. Two men appeared in Elias' office one day in 1877, demanding that they be allowed to inspect the probate court records. Elias refused, and was found in contempt. This episode repeated itself, and the "inspectors," according to Elias, never presented credentials from the grand jury. Elias eventually complied with their requests, but the extracts copied were used "for political purposes" to create "damnable insinuations concerning the virtues of the Latter Day Saints."

As he completed eight decades of life and three decades on the probate bench, his health began to fail. Judge Elias Smith formally resigned the seat he had held for 32 years and vacated his office on 18 March 1884. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Elias Asael Smith, who'd been elected to the bench 8 August 1883.

Elias passed away quietly at home on 24 June 1888. Surviving him were Lucy and Amy Jane, who between them bore him 16 children, 12 of whom were living at the time of his death. Lucy Brown Smith died 3 April 1896, and Amy Jane King Smith died 8 November 1913. Both were laid to rest beside their husband.

The *Deseret News* said of its former chief executive, "Judge Smith filled the important position of a pioneer jurist in a new community. He occupied that position so long that he seemed to have become a fixture, a pillar, in fact, in the civil superstructure."

Elder John Henry Smith of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, son of Elias' cousin, George A., eulogized him: "As a husband and father, he was just. I can truthfully say that he was one of God's noblemen. He was firm as a rock in his integrity and as faithful to his friends as God ever made a man."

Elias Smith's life was his testimony of the church his cousins founded. Appropriately, he was laid to rest in the Salt Lake City Cemetery on 27 June 1888, the 44th anniversary of the day those cousins sealed with their lives their testimony of that church. ▼

Phoenix Roberts is a director of the East Mill Creek SUP Chapter, Salt Lake East Area Vice President and a member of the National SUP Public Relations Committee. A freelance actor, writer and consultant, Phoenix lives in Salt Lake City.

Elias had held public office on the municipal, county, territorial and federal levels, perhaps the first Mormon to do so.

"He was firm as a rock in his integrity and as faithful to his friends as God ever made a man."

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'Which Wife Did

THE
LEGACY
OF
PLURAL
MARRIAGE



You Come From?'



Several years ago, my husband, Todd, and I drove with my parents on a quick cross-country jaunt from Utah to Washington D.C. Although our time was limited, we crammed in as many sightseeing stops along the way as we could, including a brief rest near Harmony, Pennsylvania, to walk along the banks of the Susquehanna River.

When we arrived, the place was almost deserted; one empty car was parked in the small parking lot. We read a few markers and then headed toward the river where we met the car's occupants—two couples also visiting from the West. My father, a friendly man, chatted with the four, and within minutes he'd discovered an amazing thing—we had driven hundreds of miles, stopped at a tiny, remote spot, and run into family. Distant family, to be sure, but family nonetheless. The four were related to my great-great-grandfather, Thomas E. Ricks, a Mormon pioneer who had crossed the plains and played a key role in settling Utah's Cache Valley and southeastern Idaho.

Once we made the connection, the next question was obvious; it's a question I'd heard and asked hundreds of times whenever I ran into family members I didn't know: "Now, which wife did you come from?"

You see, Grandpa Ricks was one of the early Utah pioneers who was called to live plural marriage. He married five women and fathered 42 children. At the time of his death in 1901 he had 154 grandchildren, and that number multiplied significantly in the following years. Although I'm sure that someone somewhere knows how many descendants Thomas Ricks has today, all I know is that growing up in Rexburg, Idaho, I felt certain that everyone in town was family. And I loved that feeling, that feeling of belonging.

Thomas E. Ricks. Courtesy LDS Church Archives.

— by Kellene Ricks Adams

Bad Rap or Cherished Legacy?

Initially, plural marriage, often referred to as polygamy, appears to be a blip on Utah's historical time line. A principle and practice shrouded in secrecy and shunned by the world at large, plural marriage appears at first glance to have created more of a bad rap for Utah's pioneers than a cherished legacy.

For instance:

- Utah wasn't accepted into the Union until well after LDS Church leaders officially denounced the practice.

- Harsh anti-polygamy legislation stripped many early Utahns of their rights as citizens, disincorporated their church, and even allowed seizure of church property.

- Initially, government leaders refused to seat Utah's first elected senator, Reed Smoot, because of his acknowledged connection to polygamy.

- Through the years, Utah's pioneers and their descendants have spent countless hours refuting a dandy bunch of wild rumors (have you heard the one about Utah's population being comprised solely of one huge polygamist family? Or the one that LDS missionaries were sent out into the world to kidnap young teenage girls because the supply of plural wives at home was dwindling?)

However, a closer look at the practice of plural marriage reveals a legacy of obedience, faith and sacrifice of which contemporary Utahns can be proud.

Press Forward, Saints

According to LDS Church historical resources, a handful of selected leaders started practicing plural marriage in the 1840s; there is some evidence that Joseph Smith took a second wife (Fanny Alger) in the 1830s. Church members gradually became aware of the practice, and plural marriage may have been one of the first topics run through the Church "gossip" mill. Despite the raised eyebrows, obedient pioneers pressed forward, willing to do all that the Lord asked of them.

By the time the Saints left Nauvoo, plural marriage was openly discussed, even though it had never been officially announced. When Church officials publicly acknowledged the practice in 1852, reaction from nonmembers was harsh and hostile, and members themselves weren't overly fond of the idea.

Despite a general impression that all of Utah's Mormon pioneers were practicing polygamists, the actual percentage of Utahns participating in the practice was significantly small. Actual numbers are not known, but most research indicates that a maximum of 20 to 25 percent of LDS adults were involved in polygamous households.

Although they were a minority, those who practiced plural marriage passed on the lessons learned

through their obedience. Certainly patience, long-suffering, cooperation, humility, and frugality—all hallmarks of the pioneers who settled Utah—come at least in part from the polygamy legacy.

Historians and researchers observe that plural marriage provided a lifestyle flexibility for women that contributed to a large number of LDS women blazing pioneering trails in medicine, politics, and other public careers. And children from these large families carried numerous responsibilities, often leading to exceptional records of achievement.

With much of the world despising and not understanding their belief, polygamous families developed an intense loyalty to each other and to their faith. Such loyalty becomes interwoven throughout the very fabric of family, and certainly becomes part of the legacy passed from generation to generation.

Obviously these stellar characteristics can't all be traced directly to polygamy. For many of today's Utahns, plural marriage is simply a dusty piece of history and has nothing to do with them or with their families. Certainly, obedience and sacrifice extends far beyond just having a grandfather who juggled his time between two or more households.

But whether they've got a polygamist hiding in their family tree or not, Utahns cannot escape the legacy of plural marriage, belonging to a time and practice that, in many ways, defined and shaped the territory during a crucial period of time.

From One Family to Another

After I married into Todd's family, I felt more than a twinge of pain at losing the surname I had worn with pride since growing up in Rexburg. In many ways, my last name defined me, carving out a set of standards and expectations that I wanted to fulfill.

The first Memorial Day after our marriage, we visited his home town and visited the local cemetery. Wandering hand-in-hand through gravestones, Todd shared tidbits of his family history with me. Todd pointed out one tall, ancient-looking marker with a sense of pride.

"That one belongs to my great-great-great grandfather, Edward Meeks Dalton," he said. "He had two wives, and tradition has it that he was the only Church member to be killed for being a polygamist."

We walked closer; beside the tall stone were two smaller ones, each one marking the final resting spot of Edward's two wives. I looked at the two stones thoughtfully before turning to Todd.

"Which wife did you come from?" I asked.

Ah, there it was: that old familiar feeling—of belonging. ▼

Kellene Ricks Adams is a freelance writer living in Salt Lake City.

Those who
practiced plural
marriage passed
on the lessons
learned through
their obedience.

Why Did The LDS Church Practice Plural Marriage?

Plural marriage has been a subject of wide and frequent comment. Members of the Church unfamiliar with its history, and many non-members, have set up fallacious reasons for the origin of this system of marriage among the Latter-day Saints.

The most common of these conjectures is that the Church, through plural marriage, sought to provide husbands for its large surplus of female members. The implied assumption in this theory, that there have been more female than male members in the Church, is not supported by existing evidence. On the contrary, there seem always to have been more males than females in the Church. Families—father, mother, and children—have most commonly joined the Church. Of course, many single women have become converts, but also many single men.

The United States census records from 1850 to 1940, and all available Church records, uniformly show a preponderance of males in Utah, and in the Church. Indeed, the excess in Utah has usually been larger than for the whole United States, as would be expected in a pioneer state. The births within the Church obey the usual population law—a slight excess of males. Orson Pratt, writing in *The Seer* in 1853 from direct knowledge of Utah conditions, when the excess of females was supposedly the highest, declares against the opinion that females outnumbered the males in Utah. The theory that plural marriage was a consequence of a surplus of female Church members fails from lack of evidence.



From
"Evidences and Reconciliations"
by
Elder John A. Widtsoe

Brigham Young
said that he felt,
when the
doctrine was
revealed to him,
that he would
rather die
than take
plural wives.

The simple truth
and the only
acceptable
explanation,
is that the prin-
ciple of plural
marriage came
as a revelation
from the Lord
to the Prophet
Joseph Smith for
the Church.

Another theory holds that plural marriage resulted from the licentiousness of Church leaders. This is refuted by the evidence at hand. The founders and early leaders of the Church were reared under the strictly monogamic system of New England. Plural marriage seemed to them an unholy and repellent practice. Joseph Smith has told that he hesitated to enter the system until he was warned of his destruction if he did not obey. Brigham Young said that he felt, when the doctrine was revealed to him, that he would rather die than take plural wives. Others of the early Church leaders to whom the principle was first taught have related their feeling of resistance to the practice. Undoubtedly the women felt much the same about the practice. However, numerous plural wives have testified to the high moral tone of their relationship with their husbands. Not only was every wife equal in property rights, but also treated with equal deference, and all children were educated and recognized equally. Mormon plural marriage bore no resemblance to the lewd life of the man to whom woman is but a subject for his lusts. Women were not forced into plural marriage. They entered it voluntarily, with open eyes. The men and women, with very few exceptions, who lived in plural marriage, were clean and high-minded. Their descendants, tens of thousands of whom are living, worthy citizens of the land, are proud of their heritage. The story of the Latter-day Saints, fully available, when read by honest men and women, decies the theory that plural marriage was a product of licentiousness or sensuality.

There is a friendlier, but equally untenable view relative to the origin of plural marriage. It is contended that on the frontier, where the Church spent its earlier years, men were often unlettered, rough in talk and walk, unattractive to refined women. Female converts to the Church, coming into the pioneer wilderness, dreaded the possible life-long association with such men and the rearing of their children under the example and influence of an uncouth father. They would much prefer to share a finer type of man with another woman. To permit this, it is suggested that plural marriage was instituted. The ready answer is that the great majority of men who joined the Church were superior, spiritually inclined seekers after truth and all the better things of life. Only such men would be led to investigate the restored gospel and to face the sacrifices that membership in the Church would require. Under such conditions, since, as has been stated, there was no surplus of women in Mormon pioneer communities, there was no need of mating with the rough element, which admittedly existed outside of the Church.

Another conjecture is that the people were few in number and that the Church, desiring greater numbers, permitted the practice so that a phenomenal increase in population could be attained. This is not

defensible, since there was no surplus of women.

The simple truth and the only acceptable explanation, is that the principle of plural marriage came as a revelation from the Lord to the Prophet Joseph Smith for the Church. It was one of many principles so communicated to the Prophet. It was not man-made. It was early submitted to several of his associates, and later, when safety permitted, to the Church as a whole.

The members of the Church had personal testimonies of the divine calling of the Prophet Joseph Smith. They had individually accepted the gospel as restored through the Prophet. When he announced a doctrine as revelation coming from above, the people, being already convinced of the reality of Joseph's prophetic calling and power, accepted the new doctrine and attempted to put it into practice. Members of the Church who were permitted to take plural wives, did so because they believed that they were obeying a commandment of God. That faith gave them strength to meet the many problems arising from plurality, and to resist the encroachments of enemies upon their sacred right of freedom of religious belief and practice.

We do not understand why the Lord commanded the practice of plural marriage. Some have suggested that it was a means of trying and refining the people through the persecution that followed. Certainly, one must have had faith in the divine origin of the Church to enter it. Another suggested explanation is based upon the doctrine of pre-existence. In the spirit world are countless numbers of spirits waiting for their descent into mortality, to secure earth bodies as a means of further progress. These unborn spirits desired the best possible parentage. Those assuming plural marriage almost invariably were the finest types in the community. Only men who were most worthy in their lives were permitted to take plural wives; and usually only women of great faith and pure lives were willing to become members of a plural household. (It should be remembered that permission to enter the system was granted only by the President of the Church, and after careful examination of the candidate.) However, this is but another attempted explanation by man of a divine action.

It may be mentioned that eugenic studies have shown the children of polygamous parents to be above the average, physically and mentally. And the percentage of happy plural households was higher than that of monogamous families.

The principle of plural marriage came by revelation from the Lord. That is the reason why the Church practiced it. It ceased when the Lord so directed through the then living Prophet. The Church lives, moves, and has its being in revelation. ▼

Elder John A. Widtsoe was a member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints from 1921-1952.

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The Christmas of the Hand-Me-Down Bike



by Joseph Walker

It was Christmas, and for the first time in my young life I knew exactly what I wanted: a brand new bike. And not just any bike. I wanted a big one like my brother Bob's, with chrome fenders, a padded seat and big balloon tires.

"But you already have a bike," Dad said when I made the request in early December.

"It's too little!" I protested. "And it's too hard to peddle! And it's a hand-me-down!"

While it was true that the bike was too small and the peddling action was too stiff, it was the hand-me-down part that was the real sticking point with me. As the youngest of eight children in a middle class family, hand-me-downs were a constant in my life. Clothes and toys were passed to me from brothers and—shudder!—sisters, with minor adjustments to compensate for changes in style and gender. Household chores were also passed down the line, and guess who was always last in seniority for everything—including bathroom privileges?

But a brand new bike that had never been ridden by a bigger brother or sister? That would be something entirely... well, new. And I wanted one that Christ-

mas more than I had ever wanted anything in my life. Even though I knew that things were tight for the family financially, and even though Dad had already warned us not to expect much for Christmas that year, I could speak of little else. I talked about it constantly to my parents and my brothers and sisters—especially Bob, who, as the fifth child in the family and the third son, seemed to understand how I felt about hand-me-downs.

"What if Santa can't bring you a bike this year?" he asked a few days before Christmas.

"Then I don't want anything," I said.

"Are you sure about that?" It was Dad. He had overheard our conversation.

I took a deep breath. Then I nodded. There. I had done it. All of my eggs

were in one basket (if you'll pardon the metaphorical mix of holiday symbolism). It would be a bike or nothing. I was euphoric—and scared to death. What if my bluff was called and I received... nothing? I hurried out to look at Bob's gleaming black bicycle. I lovingly caressed the padded seat as I imagined myself cruising the neighborhood on a magnificent machine like that one. It was worth the risk.

I don't think I slept at all that Christmas Eve. And as I led the march into the family room Christmas morning (one of the few privileges of being youngest in our family), I was almost afraid to look. Then my eyes rested on a wonderful sight: a big, beautiful bike, exactly like Bob's in every detail, except the spokes and fenders were clean. And the white-wall tires were new. And the body was a handsome metallic blue.

Out on the street my new bike was everything I hoped it would be: sleek, fast and smooth. After a lap around the block I decided to see if Bob wanted to join me for a ride. Just a few houses up the street I noticed a broken bottle in the middle of the road. I swerved to miss it and ended up eating asphalt. I had a couple of scrapes and bruises, but mostly I was worried about my bike. I examined it and found everything in pretty good condition except for a scuff on the side, which revealed a coat of shiny black paint underneath the blue. I walked my bike home and went to park it next to Bob's, only Bob's bike wasn't in its usual place.

"Hey, Bob!" I called when I saw him in the living room. "Where's your bike?"

Bob glanced nervously at Dad.

"Someone else is using Bob's bike for a while," Dad said.

"Oh," I said innocently. Then I turned to Bob. "Well, you can use mine if you need to. It's the best bike in the world! Better than yours, I'll bet!"

Bob beamed, and Dad draped an arm around his shoulder. "I'll bet it is," Bob said.

To this day I don't think Bob and Dad know that I eventually figured out their secret that Christmas. And that's OK, I guess. They seemed to enjoy watching me with the present they provided.

And I got just what I wanted: a big, beautiful, brand new, hand-me-down bike. ▼



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# *SUP Trekkers*

## *Explore Historic*

### *Mesa During*

#### *National*

##### *Encampment*

**T**he unique pioneer history of Mesa, Ariz., was explored and appreciated by dozens of SUP members and their spouses during the organization's annual National Encampment in mid-October.

Under the direction of 1998 Encampment Chairman Charles H. Crismon, SUP Trekkers became more familiar with the story of the Mesa pioneers, a group of 80 men, women and children from Utah and Idaho who were sent by Brigham Young in 1878 as part of the Mormon leader's expansive colonization program.

Activities during the Encampment included tours of the Mesa LDS Temple, the Mesa Historical Museum (which also served as Encampment headquarters) and the Rockin' "R" Ranch.

"I think some of our members were surprised to find out how much Utah history is tied into the history of the Mesa area," said Crismon. "I think even some of our local SUP members learned something new about our rich pioneer history."

During the Encampment, elections were held for national SUP officers. Based on the election results, the 1999 slate of SUP officers will include: John Anderson (President), Dr. Ray H. Bar-



ton (President-Elect), Daniel Smith (Financial Advisor), Keith Wilcox (Utah Weber Area), David F. Parish (Salt Lake North-Davis Area), George McKellar (Salt Lake Southwest Area), Robert H. Graham (Salt Lake Southeast Area), John O. Anderson (Utah Southwest Area), Thayne Smith (Utah Southeast Area), Francis Day (Arizona North Area), Charles Crismon (Arizona Central Area), Don Watts (Nevada-California North) and Chris Lyman (California South Area).

Outstanding Chapter awards were presented to the Washington Chapter (Small Chapters), the East Mill Creek Chapter (Medium Chapters) and the Settlement Canyon Chapter (Large Chapters). Ralph Albiston (Canyon Rim), Gary Richardson (Temple Fork), Charlie Starr (Box Elder) and George A. McKellar (Settlement Canyon) were honored as Outstanding Chapter Individuals, and Richard & Ana Marie Asa (Box Elder), Glenn & Virginia Harris (Canyon Rim), David & Michelle Perry (Temple Fork) and Harold & Barbara Barlow (Settlement Canyon) were selected as Outstanding Chapter Couples.

Congratulations, winners!

#### CENTERVILLE CHAPTER

### *Remembering an Early Utah Hero*

The Centerville Chapter of the Sons of Utah Pioneers and the Henefer Camp of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers joined forces recently to honor the memory of Great Salt Lake County Deputy Sheriff Rodney Badger, the first known Utah law enforcement officer to be killed in the line of duty.

SUP and DUP members recently gathered at the Weber River Crossing and Campsite just south of Henefer as



Site of Old Fort Utah  
AN ADOBE ALLED REFUGE AGIANST APACHES  
BUILT BY THE LEHI PIONEERS OF MARCH 6, 1877  
FIRST MORMON COLONIZERS IN CENTRAL ARIZONA



three plaques were dedicated to memorialize extraordinary events during the pioneer era. One plaque remembers Temple Camp and Supplication Hills, where Brigham Young's original 1847 pioneer company paused one week before entering the Salt Lake Valley to pray for the health of some of the pioneers who were suffering—including Brigham Young himself. Another focuses on the Weber River Crossing and Campsite.

The third plaque pays tribute to Badger, who drowned in 1853 in the Weber River while on assignment from Brigham Young to assist pioneers who were fording the river. When an immigrant wagon carrying a family of eight overturned in the ice-cold waters, Deputy Badger jumped into the river and rescued the mother and four of the children. Ignoring his own safety, he swam back out to retrieve the remaining two children, but all three were lost in the strong current.

The plaque includes a reference to John 15:13—"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

#### PIONEER HERITAGE CHAPTER

### Trekking Back Through Time at the DUP Museum

The SUP became better acquainted with the DUP recently when members of the Pioneer Heritage Chapter toured the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers Museum in Salt Lake City. "Lillian Scott and her husband, Robert, led us through and discussed many of the interesting stories about the memorabilia that the DUP has collected," said Trek Chairman Quinton Palmer. "It was a fascinating experience to see and to relate many of our own lifetimes to the things we saw in the museum."

After spending an hour and a half in the museum, chapter members traveled to the Ensign Peak Nature Park, where members climbed, explored, visited and ate Twinkies. "It was a meaningful and fun time for all who attended," Palmer said. ▼



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#### NEW MEMBERS

|                          |                           |                           |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| Robert J. Abseck (GL)    | Fred D Bond (JRT)         | Garry L. Mortensen (OQMT) |
| Hal G. Anderson (CM)     | Gerald H. David (OQMT)    | Harvey G. Nielson (TIMP)  |
| Kim D. Anderson (CM)     | Richard S. Ford (CENT)    | James E. Parry (CR)       |
| Donnan H. Baird (OGPIO)  | Don Fotheringham (AL)     | Richard Sobers (OGPIO)    |
| David G. Bascom (AL)     | Joseph E. Goodman (MILLS) | Allan R. Wiscombe (OGPIO) |
| Clarence R Bishop (CENT) | Jacob Roscoe Hunt (CENT)  | Ralph A. Woodward (BH)    |

*In loving memory of our SUP brothers  
who have recently joined their pioneer  
forebears on the other side of the veil:*

#### CHAPTER ETERNAL

|                                                                   |                                                                            |                                                                      |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Edward F. Black<br>Salt Lake City<br><i>Holladay Chapter</i>      | Robert Thomas Johns Sr., 79<br>Salt Lake City<br><i>Twin Peaks Chapter</i> | Eric C. Patten<br>Salt Lake City<br><i>East Mill Creek Chapter</i>   |
| Frank Day<br>Salt Lake City<br><i>Holladay Chapter</i>            | Clarence Merritt<br>Mesa, Ariz.<br><i>Mesa Chapter</i>                     | Herman James Randall, 89<br>Salt Lake City<br><i>Olympus Chapter</i> |
| L. Jack Graham, 77<br>Salt Lake City<br><i>Canyon Rim Chapter</i> | Leo L. Mower<br>Salt Lake City<br><i>Holladay Chapter</i>                  | Carl Benjamin Runyan<br>Mesa, Ariz.<br><i>Mesa Chapter</i>           |
| Alvin C. Hull<br>Logan, Utah<br><i>Temple Fork Chapter</i>        | James Gilbert Parrish<br>Centerville, Utah<br><i>South Davis Chapter</i>   | Eric Hogan Tolman<br>Bountiful, Utah<br><i>South Davis Chapter</i>   |

PIONEER REJOICES IN THE LIVES OF THESE GOOD MEN, AND EXTENDS ITS SYMPATHIES  
AND GOOD WISHES TO FAMILIES AND LOVED ONES.



# "I'm Carrying them to the Promised Land."

It was upon this stretch of trail between Gibbon and Shelton (Neb.) that we first noticed them: the ribbons. They were in the distance as we slowly approached them. Thousands of ribbons! Miles of them! Tiny multi-colored ribbons, dangling from miniature double-barred crosses, implanted upon the sides of the trail, leading from the one city to the next. In the cool breeze of that spring morning, their pastels and patters fluttered happily. In memory of the 6,000 pioneers who had died along the Mormon Trail between the years of 1847 and 1869, members of the local communities, primarily the Boy Scouts, cut the strips of fabric and attached them to the crosses. Six thousand ribbons! Needless to say, it was a sentimental morning, imagining the graves of those individuals who, with desires to see the Valley, were called home to their God a bit premature of reaching that temporal destination.

"I picked up three of the wreaths that morning," says Joseph Johnstun, "in memory of my great-great-great-grandmother and her oldest son and oldest daughter who died along the way. I tied three of the ribbons to the stem of my canteen, so that each time I take a drink, I think of them. I'm carrying them to the promised land."

## Of the 6,000

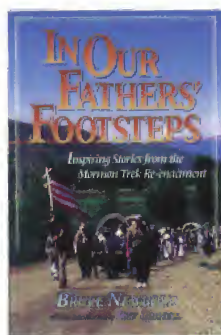
who died among the original Latter-day Saint pioneers, many were infants or small children too fragile to withstand the demands of the long trail to Zion.

For those making the 1997 trek, nothing brought the sacrifice of the early pioneers so sharply into focus as the graves of children whose small remains were left in haste at trailside.

At two Nebraska sites, the short lives of such children were memorialized as symbolic of the many who died.

For little John McBride Belnap, the Mormon Trail ended almost as it began. The 13-month-old son of Gilbert and Adaline Knight Belnap contracted cholera, a common killer among the emigrants, during a camp epidemic. He died near the Salt River at what ultimately became Ashland, Neb.

The second little one whose grave called for tender reflection by the modern trekkers left no name. Only a small stone marks the spot that people in Sutherland, Neb., have held in respect for years without knowing the details of the baby's life. Local lore holds that the grave is that of a 2- or 3-month-old boy whose parents buried him, then continued on their journey to the West.



*Excerpted from  
"In Our Fathers' Footsteps:  
Inspiring Stories From the  
Mormon Trek Re-Enactment"  
by Bruce Newbold  
published by Bookcraft*



*The rededication of a small grave near Sutherland.*

At Ashland, located on the Oxbow, or southern, Mormon Trail, members of the Belnap Family Association, now thousands in number, took advantage of the wagon train re-enactment to dedicate a marker to John McBride Belnap. Wagon train members and community residents joined in the event. The five-foot marker of gray Utah marble stands near the site indicated in early family writings as the grave.

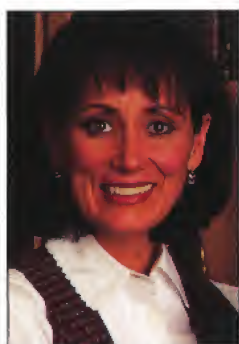
When the baby died, there was no wood available for a coffin. The grieving Gilbert Belnap tenderly wrapped his son's remains in a quilt and placed the body in his tool box for burial.

As part of the memorial, the family commissioned the construction of a tool box as nearly the same as possible to the burial box. Artifacts, including aged copies of LDS Scriptures, vintage tools and a baby blanket and shoes, were placed in the box. It will become a family "time capsule" for the Belnaps, to be reopened in 2097 as a tangible reminder of the family's pioneer heritage.

In Sutherland, wagon train participants joined with community history buffs and officials on May 20 to rededicate the grave of the unknown baby whose death is memorialized only by a plain unmarked stone. Children from the wagon train respectfully decorated the grave with weeds and wildflowers, and wagon train President Brian Hill, also president of the Kearney Nebraska Stake, tearfully dedicated the small plot as a symbol of the many children whose trip to Zion ended far too short of the goal. ▼

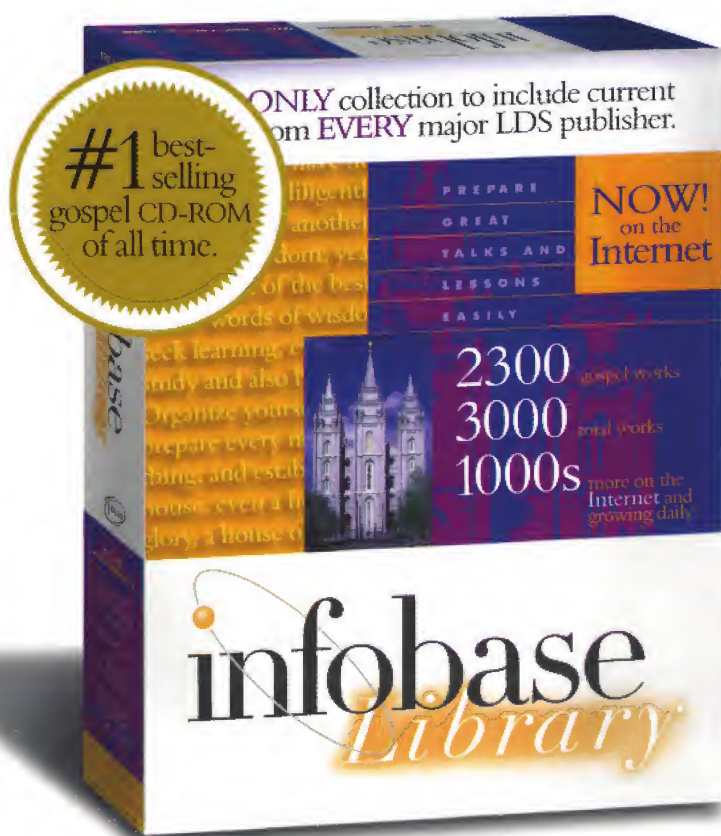
*(From "The Great Trek: New Footsteps on the Old Mormon Trail," published by the Deseret News.)*





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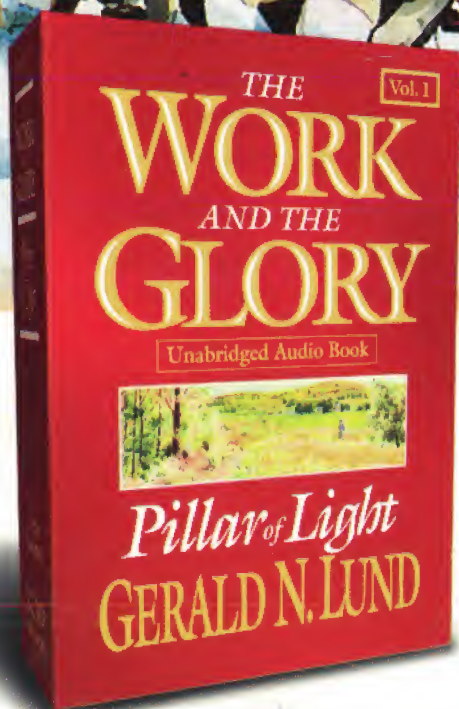
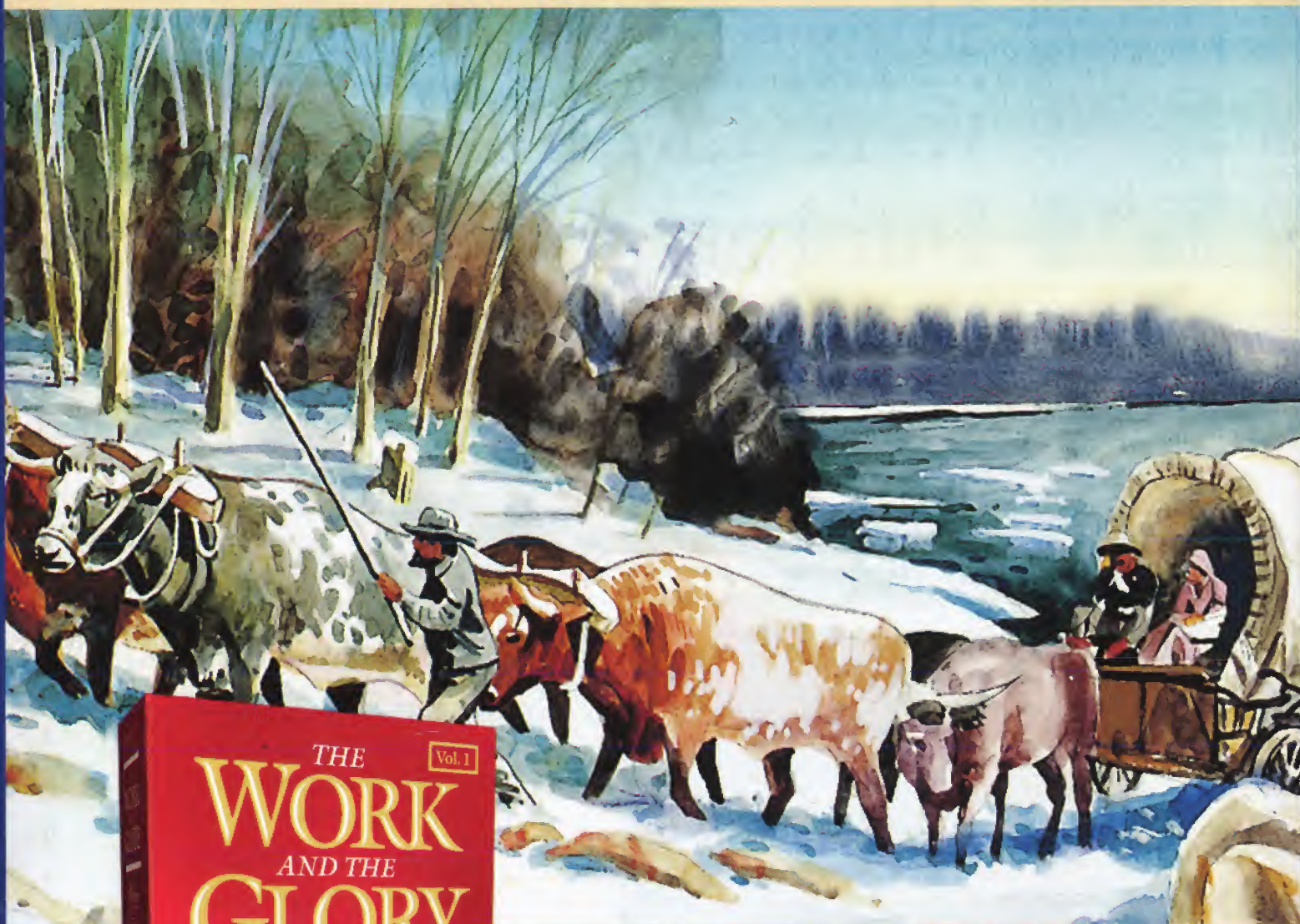
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